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ROSA BONHEUR

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ROSA BONHEUR

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.

Edited by G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D.

Pott 8vo, with 8 Illustrations, issued in cloth or in limp leather, with Photogravure frontispiece.

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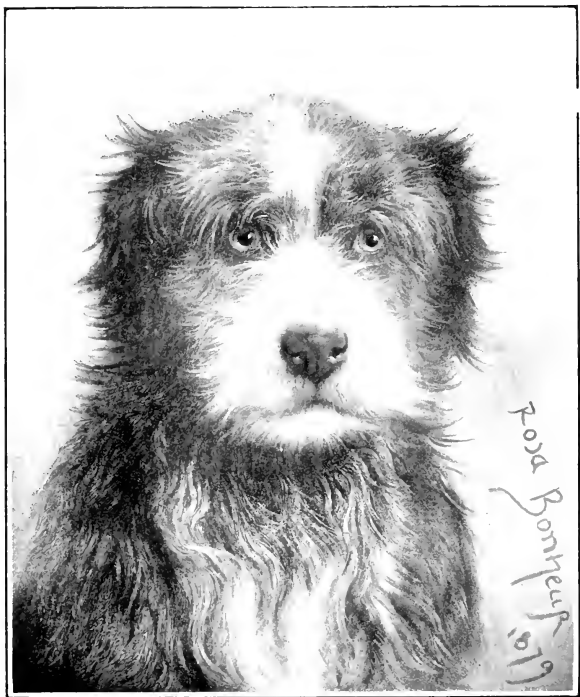
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READY.

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters

ROSA BONHEUR

BY
FRANK HIRD



LONDON
GEORGE BELL & SONS

1904

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
HER LIFE	9
HER ART	42
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS	66
THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF ROSA BONHEUR	85
BIBLIOGRAPHY	90

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
1. READY	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2. SHEEP	16
3. PLOUGHING IN NIVERNAIS	22
4. PORTRAIT OF ROSA BONHEUR	32
5. THE WAGON	46
6. DEER IN REPOSE	60
7. THE HORSE FAIR	70
8. A SCOTTISH RAID	80

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ROSA BONHEUR

HER LIFE

FROM her earliest infancy Rosa Bonheur showed signs of the talent that has placed her very high as a painter of animals. Before she could walk she would amuse herself for hours with a pencil and a piece of paper, and writing of her childhood she herself said, "I refused formally to learn to read, but before I was four years old I already had a passion for drawing, and I covered the white walls as high as I could reach with my shapeless sketches. What amused me also was to cut out subjects; they were always the same. To begin with I made long ribbons, then with my scissors I used to cut out, first a shepherd, then a dog, then a calf, then a sheep, and then a tree, invariably in the same order. I spent many days over this pastime."

She was born on March 16th, 1822, at Bordeaux, her father being a drawing-master, named Raymond Bonheur, and a pupil of Lacour. Her mother was a teacher of music, and both parents

seem to have inspired great affection in their children, and to have transmitted artistic talent to each of their offspring, for although Rosa possessed it in the most marked degree, her two brothers Auguste and Isidore, and her sister Madame Peyrol, were all artists of merit.

In 1828 Raymond Bonheur went to Paris in order to find a more remunerative position than that which he occupied at Bordeaux. He remained there alone for a year before his family joined him, and in the letters that passed between him and his wife there are constant references to Rosa's early bent, "I cannot understand," writes Madame Bonheur, "why this child who has intelligence should have so much difficulty in learning. I believe that it is obstinacy; but she is very good. She has drawn a landscape which I send you." And again, "I cannot tell what Rosa will be, but of this I feel sure, she will be no ordinary woman." Unfortunately the mother did not live to see the fulfilment of her prophecy, for she died in 1833, four years after the family had settled in Paris.

Raymond Bonheur succeeded so well in Paris that his wife and children were able to join him in 1829, and Rosa, describing her first home in the French capital in which in later years she

was to become so distinguished a figure, says that it was opposite a pork-butcher's shop, which had a wild boar of painted wood for a sign, and that she frequently used to stop to stroke it as she passed—a little trait which pointed to the love of animals that afterwards became so absorbing.

Her first education was received in a small school for boys, kept by an old man living in the same house, to which her two brothers were sent, an atmosphere that exactly suited her temperament, "I was not frightened by having only boys for my companions," she wrote, "and when we went during play hours to play in the garden of the Place Royale I was the leader in the games, and did not hesitate, when need arose, to use my fists." Her copybooks both here and later were covered with sketches of animals of every description.

The political troubles of 1830 which culminated in the Revolution, brought great distress to the little household, Raymond Bonheur losing nearly all his pupils. A cheaper dwelling became necessary, and it was owing to this change that Rosa Bonheur made a friendship that lasted for nearly fifty years, with Mlle. Micas. For the next two years the Bonheur family was in very strait-

ened circumstances, and in 1833, at the moment when circumstances began to mend and the increase of public tranquillity allowed the father to resume his lessons, Madame Bonheur died. Rosa was immediately sent to one of her aunts who placed her in a *pension* near the Champs Elysées, but the child could not brook the restricted life, and in a very short time returned to her father. Raymond Bonheur seems to have been a man who threw himself enthusiastically into what would now be called the "crazes" of the day. Before his wife's death he had become a member of a sect known as the Saint-Simonistes, and each week used to take his little daughter to visit its leader, who was known as the "Père Enfantin," at Ménilmontant. "Every Sunday," Rosa Bonheur writes, "we used to go to see him. The boys in the street used to shout after me, mocking at my *Saint-simonien* bonnet with its big tassel; some of them threw stones at me."

On her return from the *pension* Rosa found that her father had abandoned Saint-Simonism, and had become a member of the Order of Templars. The objects of this Order are not clear, but Raymond *père*, to quote his daughter, "became enthusiastic for the Order formerly persecuted by the King who made false money.

I was baptized by the Chevaliers of the Order. They had a chapel on the site of the Cour des Miracles . . . they had kept their altar, chair, and their baptismal font. And it was in this chapel that I was rebaptized under an arch of steel formed by the drawn swords of the Chevaliers in full costume. This ceremony, full of solemnity, pleased my romantic character, and to such a degree that for some time I believed myself a Chevalier in reality."

Whatever romantic notions Raymond Bonheur might have it became clear to him that his daughter ought to be trained to earn her living, and thinking that trade would be more profitable than giving lessons like himself, he apprenticed her to a dressmaker. But the result was no more fortunate than the *pension*, and at the end of twelve days the apprenticeship ended. The father was obliged to be away all day giving lessons, and it was impossible to leave so young a girl alone, therefore to solve the difficulty some friends, a M. and Mme. Bisson, who made heraldic paintings, took Rosa, and as her natural taste for working with colours at once showed itself she was set to daub easy designs, even receiving a small money reward for her work. Mme. Bisson treated her with the greatest kind-

ness, but the father could not leave her with the family indefinitely, and determined to send her once more to a *pension*. But the result was again disastrous, and after forming the school into two parties, one of which she headed, for a mimic game of war that devastated the garden of the schoolmistress, Rosa was sent home. This was in 1835, and her father now abandoned all hope of educating her in a school, letting her go her own way. One of the rooms of their *appartement* had been transformed into a studio, and here the girl worked hard all day, drawing and painting with the hope of showing her father that her true vocation was art. One evening when he returned from his day of lesson-giving he found a picture of a bunch of cherries on the easel, the first picture that Rosa had painted from nature. "It is very pretty," he said to the child, "but now you must study seriously because you will become an artist."

Her career as an artist may be said to have commenced from this moment. Struck by this evidence of her natural talent her father began to give her serious instruction. He had gained a good position as a teacher of drawing, and to judge from an article in the "Art Journal," he had broken away entirely from the traditions of

his day. The article quotes him as saying, "Drawing is not writing. A person does not learn to draw a head as he does to make an A. It is desirable above all that he should accustom himself to understand the relations of lines and of the planes between them; in a word, that he should acquire an exact idea of the form of an object as modified by perspective. The teaching of drawing is thus pre-eminently the training of the eye. To reproduce an intricate engraving is but a matter of time and patience, but it proves a hundred times more valuable to the student to copy the most simple object from a model in space. For instance, one learns infinitely more by copying simply and unaffectedly a glass resting upon a table than he does by imitating the most skilful tones of the most beautiful drawings."

These ideas were applied to Rosa Bonheur's training. She was set to draw, and to draw continuously, either from still life in the studio, or some statue or picture at the Louvre, her father setting her a daily task. But she found that she was not sufficiently advanced to copy old masters, and threw herself into the work of the studio with the ardour and perseverance that were the characteristics of a temperament that had more of the masculine than the feminine in its compo-

sition. Her grandfather had said to her mother whilst she was still a little child, "You think you have a daughter. You are mistaken, Rosa is a boy in petticoats." When she returned to her studies in the Louvre at the age of sixteen, she was called "The Little Hussar" by the other students because of her dress, which was always characteristic, and her independent bearing. Few modern artists have worked with the feverish energy which Rosa Bonheur devoted to her training. She used to remain at the Louvre from early morning until the galleries were closed, making drawings from the antique, and copying—Poussin and Paul Potter were her favourite models. She herself said in later life that the pictures of the old masters had exercised a particular fascination over her, and that she could only advise all beginners to steep themselves in their work, adding that such is the true grammar of art.

In 1841 Raymond Bonheur married again, and the family removed to a part of Paris which was then surrounded by the country. It was here that Rosa Bonheur began to study animal life with a minuteness extraordinary in so young a girl. For several months she lodged with a peasant near Neuilly for the sole purpose of



Wallace Gullery.

SHEEP.

studying animals, their habits, and their movements. She declared that every animal had an individual character. Before even beginning to work upon the study of a horse, a dog, or a sheep, she made herself familiar with the anatomy and osteology of each one, even going so far as dissection, which shows how deeply she had become engrossed by her art, and she advised all animal painters to follow her example. When she returned to her father's house she received his permission to keep a sheep upon a small terrace, and for two years it served her as a model both for painting and modelling. She used at this time to make models in clay of animals, in order to gain a mastery of every line and every muscle, so that when she painted she had actual knowledge of form besides her acute observation. These models, when finished, she used to draw by candle light, which she said threw the shadows into higher relief.

In 1841, when she was nineteen, she sent her first picture to the Salon, two common pet rabbits nibbling at carrots, and also a drawing of sheep and dogs. Both were accepted, but excited no comment. The following year, however, she sent three paintings and a piece of sculpture in terra-cotta which attracted considerable atten-

tion, especially one of the paintings called *Effet du soir sur un pâturage*.

In 1843 she was again represented, in painting by a picture of horses, and in sculpture by a bull, a powerful study in plaster. Her work now began to be noticed, and all her paintings were sold. This enabled her to go into the country and study closely from nature, with the result that she sent five pictures to the Salon in the following year, all of which deepened the favourable impression made by her previous exhibits.

At that time French painting was undergoing a great change. For twenty-five years the Classical School, with its reproductions of scenes set up in the studio, and the Romantic School with its historical inaccuracies and waxen sentimentality, had been at war; they were then approaching the reconciliation which produced such painters as Corot, Millet, Troyon, Diaz, Rousseau, and Rosa Bonheur herself, a reconciliation that founded the school that took nature as its model. It is therefore easy to understand Rosa Bonheur's rapid success. Her horses, sheep, and cows were always represented in a landscape—with trees, wood, and water. The animals themselves were masterful studies, but by placing them in their natural surroundings she brought

a sense of the open country and fresh air to the vapid walls of the Salon.

The five pictures of 1844 gave her a definite position amongst the rising painters of the day, and her father was able to write, "She has secured for herself a position far above the reach of the malignant criticism of cabal, and is independent of the worthless puffing to which many of her rivals, whom she has left behind, owe their notoriety. . . . I should fear, if I were less convinced of the high character of her mind that she might suffer herself to be unduly elated." In the following year she was accorded a medal of the third class by the jury of the Salon. It was not then the custom, she says, for the medals to be presented at an official and special function, but the recipients were obliged to go to the director of the Beaux-Arts who gave them their medals in the name of the King. Rosa Bonheur's father, who wished her to be independent and to rely entirely upon herself, sent her alone, and when the medal was given, with many compliments, she astonished the official by replying, "Thank the King I beg you on my behalf, and have the kindness to add that I shall try to do better another time." She herself relates that forty years after she was dining with the Duc d'Aumale, the

son of the King who had given her the medal, "At dessert," she says, "whilst smoking a cigarette I showed the poor little medal with the effigy of his father, King Louis Philippe." "It has brought you good fortune," he said. "And that is true," she adds.

The young artist certainly carried out her intention of "doing better," for the next year a great advancement was seen in the five pictures she sent to the Salon, and apart from this it marked her absolute breaking from the tradition which had ordained that when animals were painted only certain types should be used. A long holiday she spent in Auvergne in that summer, in which she made a careful study of the superb bulls and oxen of that region, and the various types which had been bred from them, was the beginning of a minute examination into the differentiation in type of sheep, horses, and other animals, an examination which brought an added reality to her pictures, for besides the complete anatomical knowledge she had gained by moulding and by dissection, it gave her brush a physiological certainty. In 1847, her four pictures of cows, sheep, oxen, and horses were so faithful to the various types represented, that they raised heated discussion between those members of the

jury of the Salon who were still bound by the old tradition of conventional animals conventionally represented, and the followers of the newer school whose theory was that nature, under all its forms, should be painted as it is seen. Luckily for Rosa Bonheur this struggle of opinion was ended in 1848 by the Revolution which drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France, and instituted the second Republic in his stead. The new government ordered that all pictures sent to the Salon that year were to be accepted without exception, and that the artists themselves were to nominate a commission of forty members who, with the help of the officials of the Musée Nationale, were to hang the pictures for exhibition. The result proved that revolution had spread from politics to art, for the majority of the men voted to the commission by their fellow artists had been rigorously excluded from the Salon by the old jury. Rosa Bonheur sent six pictures and two pieces of sculpture to that famous exhibition, which placed her feet firmly on the topmost rung of the ladder. Her *Bœufs et Taureaux du Cantal*, *Chien courant de Vendée*, *Meunier cheminant*, and *Pâturage de Bœufs à Solers* were surrounded daily by admiring crowds, whilst the commission itself awarded her a medal of the first class.

This important year of 1848, whilst it established Rosa Bonheur's reputation as an animal painter, also brought a great change into her domestic life. A son being born of her father's second marriage, Rosa found that this addition to the inhabitants of a house already small, made it impossible for her to carry on her work. A short time previously she had met the friend of her childhood, Nathalie Micas, who had also become a painter. "We became affectionately attached to one another," she writes, "like two sisters. She took charge of my poor dresses and mended them. I used to make her laugh with my stories of our Bohemian life. She gave me advice, scolded and spoilt me. . . . I had every need of her good counsels, for my father, who was the best of men, had little influence over me." The two friends took a studio together, and from that moment they were never separated until Mlle. Micas's death some thirty years later.

France at this moment possessed two remarkable women, George Sand and Rosa Bonheur, the one at the zenith of her fame, the other at its commencement, but it was generally recognized that there was a strong similarity in the expression of their talent, a vigour and force not usually associated with the work of women, al-



[*Luxembourg Gallery.*

LABOURAGE NIVERNAIS.

though one gained her effects by her pen, the other by her brush. There was also a close resemblance between the two in their unconventionality of attitude, in the undaunted courage of their opinions, and in their inexhaustible energy for production. But the painter, unlike the writer, never carried her unconventionality to the length of transgressing the moral code. A critic of the time writing of the two women says, "There is a close relationship between the two talents. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur often reads George Sand, she is her favourite author, and I should not be surprised if Mme. Sand had the same preference for the pictures of Rosa Bonheur. The genius of George Sand is above all a genius *paysagiste*, and Rosa Bonheur makes the trees sing in her pictures, and grass, cloud and beast speak eloquently. Both understand the silent symphonies of creation, both know how to reproduce them in the passionate and harmonious language of art."

Rosa Bonheur was certainly a devoted admirer of George Sand, and it was the latter's *Mare au Diable*, that indirectly led her to paint the famous *Ploughing in Nivernais*. She was deeply impressed by that novel when she began the picture in the winter of 1848-9. But before setting this

fresh work upon her easel she had made studies from which a strong man would shrink. Although her new studio was at a distance from the slaughter-house at Roule, she tells us herself that she went there every day, "in order to perfect myself in the study of nature," adding, "one must have a *culte* for one's art to be able to live in the midst of horrors and amongst those terrible people." The slaughtermen were naturally extremely astonished to see a young woman so interested in their work, and equally naturally they did everything they could to add to the unpleasantness of her surroundings, and this form of study would doubtless have been debarred her but for the friendly aid of an athletic butcher who took her under his protection. She was thus able to continue her drawings of animals as they were being driven into the slaughter-house, and as they were being killed, making studies of every variety of violent action which she found invaluable later on. It was with the *Ploughing in Nivernais* (*Labourage Nivernais*), exhibited in 1849, that Rosa Bonheur first achieved the position she occupied until her death. Its force and simplicity, its fidelity to nature, gave the picture an instant success, and although the Ministry of Fine Arts could only

offer 3,000 francs (£120) for it, its finances being low, the painter accepted the small sum. The picture became the property of the French nation, and is amongst the most notable of the modern collection in the Luxembourg.

Four years later she exhibited *The Horse Fair*, which was destined to make her famous throughout the world, and more especially in England and America. It made the sensation of the Salon in 1853, but as the painter had already received the highest honours in the gift of the jury, there was nothing left to bestow upon her. A curious history befell the work, which was greatly admired by the Emperor Napoleon III, and which the Beaux-Arts wished to buy, but they could not afford the sum asked by Rosa Bonheur, and it was returned to her studio at the close of the exhibition; its further history will be related in another part of this little book.

Her preparations and studies for this famous picture were indicative of the painstaking assiduity of her temperament. She attended horse fairs, making exhaustive and minute studies, for months beforehand, and was naturally thrown amongst the same class of men as at the slaughter-houses. Here she had no kindly butcher to protect her from their insults, and therefore took

refuge in male clothes, which she wore constantly to the day of her death, having been given permission by the Prefect of Police to do so. In later life, however, she did not avail herself of the permission to wear male attire in the streets of Paris, but there is an amusing story told of her being arrested by a policeman in the French capital on the charge of being a man masquerading as a woman. Her short hair, strongly defined features, her striding walk, felt hat and coat, all led the guardian of the peace to this conclusion, and he promptly conducted her to the nearest police station, emphasizing his directions with a push upon her shoulder. The artist, already annoyed, lost her temper, and gave him such a vigorous blow with her fist that all his suspicions were confirmed. His stupefaction can be imagined when he saw the commissary of police before whom he brought his charge, bowing and offering lavish excuses to the greatest woman-painter in France.

Rosa Bonheur was essentially masculine in appearance, and innumerable anecdotes are told of her adventures. At one period of her life she never wore petticoats, unless she felt that social circumstances compelled them, and even then her dress was Spartan in its simplicity—a long black

coat with black frogs opening upon a black waistcoat, a man's white collar and cuffs, and a plain black skirt ; her hair was worn short and brushed back from her forehead. At By, where she lived for the last years of her life, she invariably dressed as a man, and a story is told that on one occasion two admirers, who did not know the artist, but had been bidden to visit her, found a carriage waiting for them at the station on their arrival, driven by a plump little man whom they mistook for an Abbé by his dress. On the way to the château the visitors asked many questions concerning their hostess, to which they were surprised to hear only unenthusiastic replies. When they arrived at the house they had to wait some little time before the artist received them, and when they were ultimately shown into her studio they found that Rosa Bonheur was their plump little Abbé.

Her growing success now brought her many patrons, and after the exhibition of *The Horse Fair* she was obliged to take a larger studio, which rejoiced in the possession of a garden, where she kept a small menagerie of animals for the purposes of study. Besides the studio in Paris she had another at Chevilly, where she kept a quantity of goats and sheep. She was an

indefatigable worker, but even her unusual energy could not cope with the commissions that began to flow in upon her, and it was said that the Micas family, who had now come to live with her, were almost obliged to take the paintings from her easel, so loath was the artist to part with them, and still so unsatisfied was she with her work.

In the meantime *The Horse Fair* had been exhibited at Gand and Bordeaux, it being offered to the latter municipality for 12,000 francs (£480), but finding no purchaser it was exhibited by M. Gambard in London in 1855. It immediately created a profound sensation; the little gallery in Pall Mall, in which it was hung, was crowded daily; Queen Victoria's command that it should be taken for her and the Prince Consort's inspection giving it an added *réclame*. Thomas Landseer made an engraving of the picture, which sold by hundreds; it was exhibited in other cities, and in a very short while the name of Rosa Bonheur became a household word. Such was her popularity that she was advised to pay a visit to England, and this she did in the following year, going on to Scotland, where she made enough studies in a few weeks "to occupy her for twenty years." The Highland cattle, with

their rugged strength, fascinated her, and were the strongest impressions of a journey that always remained memorable to her. For many years afterwards the mass of studies with which she returned to Paris served as material for some of her happiest pictures, especially *The Scottish Raid* and the delightful sketches of Shetland ponies.

Notwithstanding the incessant work which she devoted to study and painting, this woman of indomitable energy was also director of a drawing school for young girls. The post had originally been given to her father after the Revolution of 1848, but on his death, a year later, it was given to his daughter, who, with the aid of her sister Juliette, carried it on until 1860, when she found that the increasing number of her commissions prevented her devoting sufficient time to the institution. She was as thorough in her teaching as in her work, and a series of studies which she drew as examples for her pupils was lithographed and is now in the collection of the Beaux-Arts, still serving the same purpose for another generation as that for which it was designed. An address which she gave to the pupils of this school, then become an *École Impériale*, on the occasion of a distribution of prizes, the judges

being artists of repute, indicates the lines of her teaching. "Guard against wishing to go too quickly. Before taking up your brushes, be certain of your pencil. Gain a thorough knowledge of the science of drawing, and do not be in a hurry to leave the school; the time here, believe me, will not be lost time. Those who are most gifted, and who have a natural faculty for colour, run no risk of spoiling their gift by postponing for a little time the moment for exercising it, and they do not run the risk of applying their talent wrongly. If one is given the germ of a talent by Providence, it is folly to spoil it by wishing to reap early results from it, results that have no value." This advice was given in the short, crisp sentences which were the characteristics of the gifted painter's manner of speaking. A contemporary said of her that her brush reproduced the vigour and directness of her character. She was adored by the pupils of the school, despite the severity of her judgements upon their work. Her comments on bad drawings, especially those which were feeble and uncertain in treatment, were merciless, and her favourite dictum was, "Go home to your mother and mend your stockings, or do needle-work," a sarcasm that generally reduced the unfortunate pupil to tears. The next moment a

jest, or a happy phrase, removed the sting, whilst the lesson remained. She was totally unlike the accepted type of drawing-mistress, and years afterwards one of her pupils who achieved some success, said that she had never dreaded the criticism of succeeding masters so much as she had done that of Mlle. Bonheur. "She could not endure weakness. Your drawing might be wrong, but if the lines were firm she would show you your mistake with infinite patience. The least trace of indecision or feebleness would bring a remark like a sword cutting through the air."

After the great Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1855, to which she sent a picture, *Haymaking in Auvergne* (*Fenaison en Auvergne*), for which she received a medal, Rosa Bonheur practically ceased to exhibit her pictures. *The Horse Fair* and other pictures had given her work so great a vogue in England and America that she could not keep pace with the commissions that flowed in upon her, her industry notwithstanding. The periodical return of the opening of the Salon and the necessity it involved of pictures being finished by a certain date, placed a restraint upon her work which she found most irksome, and for twelve years she was entirely unrepresented in the annual exhibition in Paris, a fact that made

her most unpopular with the French artists and critics, and, in some degree, also with the French public, and explains, in a great measure, why her work has been always less favourably regarded in France than in England.

After 1855 she devoted herself wholly to supplying the demand for her work in England, leaving Paris in 1860 to settle at the Château of By in the Forest of Fontainebleau, where, in the depths of the country, she could have her numerous living models properly housed and be free from all social interruptions. Here, surrounded by sheep, gazelles, deer, goats, birds, horses, cows, every variety of breed of dog, boars, lions, monkeys, parroquets, ponies from Skye and Iceland, bulls, and wild horses from America, the next five years of her busy life passed, without incident, in a round of unceasing labour. "I live here happily," she wrote, "far from the world, working my hardest and receiving visits only from intimate friends." The list of pictures that came from her easel during this period was a portentous one, and in 1862 she achieved one of the greatest of her successes by the pictures she sent to the Exhibition held that year in London.

Three years later she was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The story is graceful.



PORTRAIT OF ROSA BONHEUR WEARING THE
LEGION OF HONOUR.

When the Court was at Fontainebleau in 1864 the Empress Eugénie had called at By unexpectedly, and after watching Rosa Bonheur at work, ordered a picture. She shortly afterwards begged Napoleon to bestow the Cross of the Legion of Honour upon the artist, but although the Emperor was quite willing to give the honour, his counsellors opposed it on the ground that no woman had ever been admitted within its ranks save for charity or bravery. When the Emperor went to Algiers in the following year, and the Empress was Regent during his absence, she made use of her temporary power to bestow the Cross, and that in a most charming fashion. The artist relates that one day, as she was painting, she heard the cracking of postilions' whips and the sound of carriage wheels in the courtyard. The next moment a maid rushed into the room to say that the Empress had arrived, and Rosa Bonheur had only time to cover the male attire in which she always worked with a petticoat and to change her big painting blouse for a jacket of black velvet, when the Empress entered. "I have here," said her Majesty, "a little jewel that I have brought to you on behalf of the Emperor. He has authorized me to profit by my last day of regency to announce to you your appoint-

ment to the Legion of Honour." She then pinned the Cross upon the black velvet jacket with a pin borrowed from one of her ladies, and, kissing the painter, said she "was happy to be able thus to reward her talent in which, as a woman, she felt great pride"; adding that in Rosa Bonheur she "honoured the woman as much as the artist." The official announcement of the bestowal of the honour appeared in the "Journal Officiel" of 11th June, 1865, the day of the Emperor's return from Algiers. A few days later she was bidden to luncheon at Fontainebleau, being taken to the palace from By in a Court carriage.

After such distinguished proofs of imperial favour it was impossible to refrain from exhibiting her work in France, and consequently she sent no less than twelve large works to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. But as it has been already noticed, her long abstention had made her unpopular with artists and critics; jealousy of her success, and of the large amount of money she drew from the sale of her pictures in England, may also have had some effect, but whatever the reason, the jury only awarded her a medal of the second class, an award that was obviously unfair, seeing that ten of the pictures she sent

were amongst her best efforts. The feeling of bitterness against her found expression in the newspapers, and especially in an article by a leading French art-critic of the time, who throughout wrote of her as "Miss Rosa Bonheur," and said that "since her adoption by the English, her work had been scarcely seen in French exhibitions, and not even in picture sales"; he accused her of deliberately setting to work to study the methods of Landseer and other favourite painters of *sport britannique*, and declared that she had practically become a pupil of the English animal painter.

It is not known whether these criticisms and the almost universally expressed opinion that she had practically ignored her own country for the sake of gaining money from foreigners, had any influence with the painter, but after 1867 she did not exhibit again, not even at the great Paris Exhibitions of 1878 and 1889, and it was not until the Salon of 1899 that the French public had any opportunity of seeing her work. She lived in the greatest seclusion at By, painting and studying from nature with the same ardour and care for detail that had distinguished her as a young girl. Then came the Franco-German war of 1870, and the siege of Paris. The Forest

of Fontainebleau was overrun by the German soldiery, and the peasants around By were reduced almost to starvation. Rosa Bonheur had resolutely refused to leave her home, and when the villagers applied to her in their distress, she gave them twenty sacks of corn that had been sent to her from Odessa. There was every danger that the château, as well as the numerous works of the painter which were kept there, might suffer at the hands of the Germans, who did not respect property whenever billeting was necessary, and for this reason Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia sent by one of his aides-de-camp a paper which would protect By and its owner from all annoyance. Rosa Bonheur received the officer, and after reading the paper tore it to pieces: she would accept no favour from the conquerors of her country, preferring to run the risk of ruin rather than place herself under an obligation to the enemy. During the armistice Prince Frederick Charles, who had a sincere admiration for her work, and who, despite her refusal of his paper of protection, had given strict orders that By and its occupants were to be treated with respect, wished to visit her, but she declined to receive him. The Prince, however, came to her studio a few days later, but without asking to

see her. She says herself that during the war she was utterly unable to work; she spent her time in succouring her poorer neighbours, and especially in helping fugitive French soldiers. "For some months," she says, "I had no heart for work. I read; I thought; I waited; when the peace was signed which gave us back our lives, I began to work with redoubled ardour." It was then that she began the series of paintings of lions, tigers, and panthers, which principally occupied her brush during the next ten years. She made drawings everywhere, in the Jardin des Plantes, in circuses, and menageries, in short, wherever she could find wild animals,—studying not only the anatomy and lines of the feline race, but also the temperamental characteristics of its various branches, a care that gave her paintings the appearance of being portraits of individual animals.

The next twenty years of her life were passed in uninterrupted work, and with little incident save the anxiety caused her by the failing health of her devoted friend and companion Mlle. Micas. In order that Mlle. Micas should escape the cold winters at By, Rosa Bonheur built a villa at Nice, and there she carried her friend every year until she died in 1889. The blow

was a terrible one for the painter, and during the ten remaining years of her own life she never regained her old brightness of spirits and natural gaiety which had given her somewhat rugged temperament so much charm. Nevertheless she continued her work as industriously as ever, and when President Carnot went to her studio in 1893 to present her personally with the Cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour, he found her surrounded by the pictures which she was sending to the Chicago Exhibition.

"I may perhaps be suspected of vanity," she wrote of this new honour, "if I say I have received several decorations and other distinctions. In 1865 the Empress Charlotte and the Emperor Maximilian sent me the Cross of San Carlos of Mexico; in 1867 the Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp made me one of its members; Alfonso XII gave me the brevet of Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic; the King of the Belgians the Cross of Leopold; the King of Portugal in 1884 that of the most Noble Order of Saint-James; but of all these dignities that which made my heart beat most was my nomination as officer of the Legion of Honour."

Her passion for her art suffered no diminution by the passing of years, and at the age of seventy-

five, when most of those who work with their hands and their brains begin to think of rest after their lifelong labours, Rosa Bonheur experimented in another vehicle. She had done many sketches in charcoal, but she had not tried chalk to any great extent. In 1897, however, she exhibited four pastels at the Georges Petit Gallery in Paris, which in their way were *tours de force*. Their size was unusually large for pastels, and they represented sheep, stags, and bisons, with a vigour not generally associated with this method. One stag was shown standing in the clear morning light, another by moonlight; the sheep were in a landscape gradually darkening under evening shadows, and the bisons in a desolate country covered with snow, landscapes and subjects so varied that it seemed as if the venerable painter had wished to demonstrate her mastery over all the branches of her art. The success of this excursion into pastel did not, however, seduce her from her brush, and in the same year she painted two large pictures, one of her favourite horse "Bébé," the other a wagon laden with hay, besides a panel of a stag, and a fan with three cows upon it in a charming landscape.

In the Salon of 1899, her picture *Cow and Bull of Auvergne* (*Vache et Taureau d'Auvergne*:

race de Cantal) was hung in a place of honour, and but for the painter's own request that no vote should be given for her work, it would have been awarded a gold medal. The strength, the mastery of detail, the deep knowledge of animals, and the power of expressing her knowledge upon canvas that had characterized her work thirty years before, were still undiminished; and now no note of blame, no accusation of neglecting her own country for the sake of fulfilling foreign commissions, was heard; the critics and the public alike welcomed her return to the annual representative exhibition of French art. The artist's fame, her age, her long abstention from sending her work to the Salon, and the universal admiration of the press, all added to the public interest, and the picture was surrounded daily by admiring crowds. At the height of this success Rosa Bonheur was struck down by congestion of the lungs, and scarcely had the news spread abroad that she was ill, than it was followed by the news that her illness had proved fatal.

Her life as an artist ended as it had begun with the sign of her remarkable talents hanging in the Salon. The passing of years had obliterated the petty envy which had barbed the pens of the critics and the tongues of her earlier con-

temporaries; and the vigour of her age, and her whole-souled devotion to her art, had come to be regarded as one of the glories of artistic France. Few artists of modern times have enjoyed such widespread fame as Rosa Bonheur, yet at one time it was the fashion in her own country to regard her as a manufacturer of pictures, not a painter. But before her death it was fully shown to her that a younger generation of her countrymen regarded her as worthy of a high and lasting place in the history of French art. She was buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise amidst signs of public respect such as are only accorded to those who have added laurels to the glory of their country.

HER ART

THE art of Rosa Bonheur was her life. She lived only for her work, applying herself to its least details with the sincerity and vigour which were the essential traits of her character. There was a strongly masculine strain in her temperament, and this found its expression through her brush. Her pictures possess no feminine softness or subtlety; they are firm in outline, assured and masterly in colour, and so easily understood of all the world that the profound knowledge they display is frequently overlooked.

A painting of a horse, a dog, a cow, or a sheep can be judged rightly as good, bad, or indifferent by those who do not possess the slightest knowledge of art. The farmer who pointed out that one of the pigs in Gainsborough's picture of the *Girl and Pigs* would undoubtedly have had his feet in the pan from which they are feeding, knew more about pigs than the painter, who

immediately adopted his suggestion. The most ordinary observer can tell at a glance whether the expression and attitude of an animal in any given situation are correct, and this, no doubt, accounts for the "popular success" of animal painters as opposed to mere artistic success. But the knowledge, the ceaseless study and observation from which the correctness and fidelity result are apt to be disregarded. The work of any animal painter is invariably placed in comparison with that of Cuyp and Paul Potter; that of Rosa Bonheur was likewise judged from the standard set by the great Dutchmen and found not to be wanting. It was, however, held in closer comparison to the work of her great contemporary Troyon, and because its smoothness of technique and choice of subject made it more easily understood by amateurs and gave her more popular fame, she was said to have taken Troyon's place. (Troyon was the greatest animal painter the nineteenth century produced. He possessed genius; Rosa Bonheur possessed talent in its highest degree. Troyon achieved his results by inspiration, Rosa Bonheur by supreme diligence; therefore to compare the work of the two artists to the detriment or glorification of either is tantamount to placing a Tintoretto beside a

Paul Veronese, and criticizing the former for its lack of smoothness and the latter for its superficiality of feeling. Every artist gains his effect in his own manner: if Paul Veronese had painted in the style of Tintoretto he would not have been Paul Veronese, and if Rosa Bonheur had followed in the footsteps of Troyon she could not have painted the *Ploughing in Nivernais* or *The Horse Fair*.

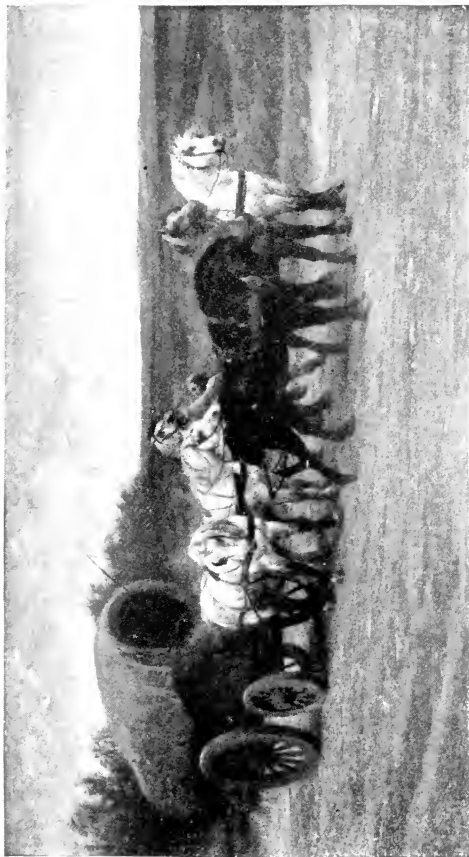
After Troyon's death, in 1865, she herself was credited with a desire to occupy the position he had filled, but there is no indication in her letters, or in the numerous autobiographical fragments which she wrote from time to time, to support this assertion. She became the first animal painter in France from the fact that when Troyon died there was no other painter in that *genre* who could equal her. The vogue of Brascassat, who was the first animal painter in the nineteenth century who had placed his subjects in elaborate landscapes, had died out long before; it had been at its highest in the thirties. And outside France there was only Landseer to contest Rosa Bonheur's European fame; and his work stood upon another plane.

As the great German critic, Richard Müther, says of Rosa Bonheur, "She has all the qualities

which may be appreciated without one's being an epicure of art . . . great anatomical knowledge, dexterous technique, charming and seductive colouring." But although it requires no artistic training to be able to appreciate such paintings as *The Pensive Lion*, with its massive head and thoughtful eyes, *The Lion Roaring*, with angry fangs and bristling mane, or *Oxen under the Yoke*, in which the patient strength of the animals leaps, as it were, from the canvas, and others of the numerous works of the artist; such fidelity to nature was only acquired by ceaseless study for many years. Müther has evidently no great regard for Rosa Bonheur's later work, for he speaks of her as "carrying on an extensive transpontine export, and her pictures are by no means the worst that find their way from the Continent to England and America." This "transpontine export" is easily accounted for—the painter's ceaseless energy and the uninterrupted flow of commissions, many of which remained unexecuted at her death. Yet there was something deeper in her work than profound and complete anatomical knowledge. She was never satisfied with merely reproducing the forms of animals perfect in detail of limb and coat upon her canvases. She maintained that every animal pos-

sessed an individuality purely its own. It was this individuality that she sought to seize with as much care and study as a portrait painter devotes to the character of his sitter.

When she first began to paint it was the fashion of the time to give the eyes of animals a human expression in sympathy with the particular surroundings in which they were represented. Even Landseer did not disdain this concession to the excessive sentimentality which then distinguished every branch of painting besides that of animals, but in France it was carried to an absurd extent. Chargers were shown weeping over the wounded bodies of their masters, cows casting grateful glances at the dairy maid to acknowledge their thanks for being milked, dogs and cats playing with children, their eyes twinkling with glee, or overcome with woe whilst assisting at funeral ceremonies. The fashion became a tradition, against which Rosa Bonheur resolutely set her face. The eyes of an animal, she contended, were the sole means by which it could express its intelligence to human beings. She did not enter into the discussion as to whether animals possess souls or merely instincts; she studied them only from their pictorial side, and in order to reproduce that effect as truly to



Wallace Gullery.

A WAGON LOAD

Nature as lay within the power of her brush she made herself mistress of the physiology of the especial type of animal she was painting, and then proceeded to study its mental capacity. Herein lies the secret of the fidelity of her work. A considerable number of her pictures are thinly painted, especially those belonging to what may be called her middle period, and were executed for eager purchasers, but in the most hurried of them there is invariably that touch of knowledge, the mastery of pose and expression which distinguish Rosa Bonheur's work from that of all other animal painters of our own time.

There can be little doubt but that her indefatigable industry actually weakened her powers as an artist in the highest sense of the word, and that by her passion for work she acquired a facility which made her content with results of a lower standard than that which she reached in the *Ploughing in Nivernais* or in *The Horse Fair*; that her work gradually declined from vigorous strength to mere mastery of technicalities, and that had she painted less her claim to a more enduring fame would have been the greater. In France it is still held that her rapid and early success spoiled her talent, and her work is too often summarily dismissed from serious con-

sideration, despite the fact that she had gained all the honours that France could bestow upon art. There is another section which lauds her talent to the skies and speaks of her as one of the glories of the nation, and a rare example of a woman devoting the whole of her life to the study and prosecution of her art. The truth lies between the two: nothing she ever painted called for contempt. Accessories might show signs of haste, the actual subject itself might obviously have been painted in a few sittings, the brush-work might clearly show that vigour, a sure eye, and a certain brush had been unassisted by care, but, as has been said before, there was invariably a fidelity to nature, and the expression of a comprehensive knowledge of animals. However hastily they may have been painted, the slightest of her pictures are instinct with life, and in those to which she devoted more care and time there is a wealth of suggestion of open-air life in all its aspects.

Her early work in modelling shows that had she prosecuted this form of art to any great extent she would have achieved almost as great a success as a sculptor of animals as that which rewarded her brush. And when from time to time she laid down the painter's palette for the

sculptor's chisel the result was always noteworthy. In early days we have seen that she used modelling exclusively as a means towards gaining a full knowledge of anatomy, but in actual sculpture she only completed some thirteen works. Of these, eleven were exhibited. *Stags traversing an open Space, A Scottish Raid, Deer in Repose, Skye Ponies, Scotch Shepherd, An Ox lying down, A Ram lying down, A Sheep, A Bull Walking, and A Bull Bellowing*; two others, a bull, and a horse were never seen by the public, and of the first, which was said to be her finest work in sculpture, only one copy was made which never left the artist's possession.

The same accuracy of detail and force of expression which are the characteristics of her painting distinguish her work in bronze, notwithstanding the criticism passed upon them by one of her contemporaries, that they were "designed for the tops of marble clocks and the decorations of the dining-room mantelpiece."

Few artists since the days when Tintoretto, Veronese, Raphael, and Michael Angelo covered the walls of churches and palaces with their canvases and frescoes, have equalled the enormous labours of Rosa Bonheur's life. Her ab-

sorbing passion for her art was equal to that of Titian ; and like the great artist, G. F. Watts, who has recently passed from his labours, she dedicated her whole life to its study. It would be absurd to compare her achievement with the slightest of the sketches from the hand of either of these two great men, but in her attitude towards her work, and in her zealous striving towards perfection of expression through lifelong learning, she showed she was imbued with the same spirit that urged the Italian of the Renaissance, and the Englishman of our own day to strive with childlike faith to reach a supreme ideal at a period of life when most men are content to believe that their earthly work is completed, and that a venerable age entitles them to rest.

It would be impossible to arrive at the exact number of her pictures, as the larger number were never exhibited and are scattered through England and the United States in private houses. Over sixty pictures from her brush appeared in exhibitions, chiefly the Salon, between 1841 and 1899, and M. Roger-Milès has drawn up a list of some two hundred others which went straight from the artist's studio to the purchaser. Yet this large number does not wholly represent the number of her pictures, for it is known that a

considerable proportion have been lost to sight. On an average she painted seven pictures a year, sometimes more, sometimes less, and yet despite this haste she would frequently keep a canvas on her easel for years, as for example, *Corn Thrashing*, upon which she was occupied for two decades, and which was unfinished at her death. Amongst the mass of drawings and studies found in her studio there was a series of designs which showed how carefully she had built up the arrangement of this picture, and how by constant rejection, re-arrangement, and re-drawing she had finally arrived at a composition that satisfied her. Masses of corn are spread over a field, and over them eleven horses, life size, are galloping. In her sketches she had given the horses every imaginable movement and colour, and death surprised her before she was able to complete the result of her long studies.

This picture explains an apparent contradiction between the artist's ideals and her actual accomplishment. The sketches for this *Corn Thrashing* show the most profound and prolonged study of horses, individually and in groups. Attitude after attitude, as is indicated by the papers on which the sketches were made, were put aside as unsuitable or unnatural for the

particular circumstances of the subject, but these poses may be at once recognized in other pictures painted during the long period *Corn Thrashing* remained upon the easel. Thus whilst by long months of study and observation she was endeavouring to realize her conception of this one subject, rejecting sketch after sketch as unsuitable for her main purpose and scheme of colour and arrangement, these rejected studies served frequently in their turn for the basis of another picture, rapidly painted and bought from her easel before the colours upon it were dry. These pictures were often regarded as mere pot-boilers dashed off to meet the constant demand for her work in England and the United States, and were considered as flagrant contradictions of her spoken theory, that complete knowledge of his subject was the artist's first essential when he began to work upon a canvas. Adverse critics also fastened upon this rapidity of production as a proof of the artist's mediocrity of talent, not understanding, or perhaps not caring to understand, that however dexterous in mere technicality Rosa Bonheur might be, the picture of to-day, bearing signs of haste was the result of the painstaking study of years.

But even some of the pictures which bore signs

of hasty brushwork had been slowly painted. Madame Consuelo Fould, who painted a portrait of the great artist in a characteristic attitude, her right hand resting on the head of a great St. Bernard, whilst a palette and brushes are held in the left, says that Rosa Bonheur had a horror of anything in the nature of a "drier," and of mediums that give immediate effect at the cost of the preservation of the picture. She used her colours without any admixture, leaving them to dry by themselves, sometimes for two years, returning to work upon them at long intervals, and using very little oil. She had two sets of palettes, one always kept scrupulously clean, the other covered with every variety of colour. This set, by means of some process known to herself, at the end of a year looked like pieces of coloured marble, as they absorbed all the oil. She attached great importance to them, as they enabled her to judge of certain effects of combined colour. Her brushes she cleaned herself with the utmost care. Despite her energy she worked slowly, and this combined with her system of allowing some of her pictures—especially the more important ones—to dry so gradually, not infrequently resulted in her patrons being obliged to wait for months for a picture that was practically completed. Those

pictures where the long-drying system was not used were certainly painted hastily, and although they form no inconsiderable portion of her life's work, they cannot in justice be regarded as more than studies, elaborated perhaps by the introduction of scenery.

Notwithstanding the fact that she worked so much in oils, her favourite medium was water-colour because of the quickness of effect thereby attained.

The majority of the hundreds of sketches and studies made from models that were found at By after her death were in charcoal upon a deep blue paper, the high lights put in with white chalk. Charcoal and white chalk she also invariably used for the night effects in which she was so fond of experimenting, chiefly of stags and wild animals drinking. There is one charming sketch in this manner, *Cerfs au Clair de Lune*, which formerly belonged to her brother, Auguste Bonheur. It shows a stag and doe with two little ones at a lake side. The deer are drinking, whilst the stag, with head erect, stands on the bank listening uneasily; the mother, standing in the water, has her ears pricked, and looks anxiously into the shadow in the distance. The water shimmers under the moonlight, and on the

farther bank the trees show ghostly shapes and cast black shadows across the lake.

Rosa Bonheur's art was the expression of her temperament, always vigorous, often virile, independent of all influences, and passionately awake to the beauties of Nature, absolute fidelity to which was her ideal. And as we have seen, to seek the truth she did not hesitate to study anatomy, stripping the skin from animals in order to learn the formation of bone and muscle beneath. Nor did she shrink from going fearlessly amongst the lowest classes and busying herself with pencil and note-book in scenes from which a strong man would shrink. The masculine undoubtedly predominated over the feminine in her composition, and as it found expression in her life and in her dress, so it found expression in her work, and one of the most grudging of her critics was bound to admit that her pictures all looked as if they had been painted with a brush and not worked with a needle, as is so often the case with painting by ladies. Her art was her life, and she worked ceaselessly, knowing no repose, and admitting no limit to her energies. The early morning found her in her studio sketching and studying from one of the animals that formed what was a veritable menagerie at By.

She found her dumb sitters more tractable in the early hours of the day, but she possessed such understanding of their natures, that the most difficult animal rarely resisted her influence for long. She loved animals, and used to say that although we cannot always understand them, animals invariably understand us.

Her love, however, for the countless creatures that served her as models throughout her long life did not lessen her love of scenery, a love that is indicated in every one of her completed pictures. Some of the landscapes found in her studio after her death were works of the highest beauty and feeling, especially one of a willow-shaded pool in a forest, with tree-trunks reflected in the clear still water, and a summer sky breaking through their branches. Another, *A Landscape in Auvergne*, shows a cornfield, with sheaves standing in serried rows, a gracious line of hills showing faintly through the heat in the far distance. As with her pictures of animals, Rosa Bonheur had an intuition for atmosphere in landscape—quiet and peace brood amongst the sedges of the forest pool; the haze of harvest-heat hangs over the golden sheaves and half obscures the encircling hills.

The rugged side of Nature appealed to her

perhaps the more strongly, and she worked upon her pictures of wild cattle, the great oxen of Auvergne, and lions in all attitudes and surroundings, with greater enjoyment than those which represented gentler creatures, and she specially delighted in the reproduction of physical force, latent or in action. Inanimate strength made the same appeal to her brush, and a picture of a cascade is perhaps the best of her landscape painting. A mountain stream rushes frothing and turbulent down a rocky gorge, which is bordered on either hand by pine trees. Suddenly there is a sharp fall in the rocks, and the water, divided by a great boulder, rolls in two avalanches of white out of sight. A high mountain closes the gorge to the spectator, and serves as a background for the waterfall. The effect is rugged and strong in the extreme. The water falling into shadow gives an idea of immense depth: one arm of the cascade is boiling and frothing, upon the other the water falls in a solid wall, dully green and flecked with spray. Loneliness and grandeur are the dominant notes of the picture. I have mentioned landscapes in order to show that Rosa Bonheur's attitude to all Nature had something in it deeper than the desire for "good subjects" of the mere maker of pictures. She has been

termed a manufacturer of animal paintings, but no work ever left her easel that she had not herself desired to paint. And this desire came from her love of Nature, sometimes spurred by scientific interest or inquiry, for she was a profound zoologist, and kept herself informed of all pathological research in the animal world.

One of the causes of her world-wide renown was the vast number of lithographs and steel engravings that were made of her works. Many of these were taken from drawings specially prepared by the artist, and not from pictures, and she thus obtained credit for having painted more canvases than she actually did, large as is their number. More than one hundred and fifty of her works were engraved or put upon the stone, hundreds of impressions being taken of each. There is not a well-known engraver or lithographer in England and France during three decades after 1850 who did not ply his art upon her work; and whilst the richer collectors in England and America were vying with one another to become possessors of the originals, the reproductions sold as quickly as they could be printed. Her painting lent itself especially to reproduction in this form, and, as has been said before, her subjects were understood at a glance,

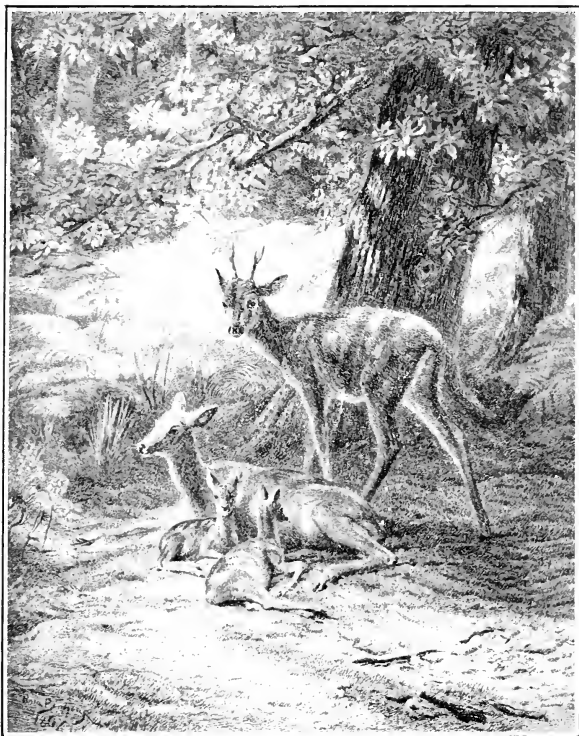
even by the ignorant, and appealed direct to that love of animals which, in England at any rate, is inherent in all classes.

Artists do not consider that she ever again achieved the height she reached with *The Horse Fair*, and declare that she too often descended to mere manual dexterity aided by a mastery of technicality. Yet this mastery was only acquired by long years of incessant toil and study, by an absolute devotion to her art. She herself wielded the graver's pencil, and worked upon the stone, but these engravings and lithographs were chiefly done for friends and are now of great rarity.

It has become a fashion amongst critics and artists to decry any talent that has been classed under the designation of "popular." There are elements of reason in the fashion, since "popularity" in many instances does not indicate a striving towards the highest ideals of art. Rosa Bonheur has been dismissed as a popular artist, after the consideration of *Ploughing in Nivernais* and *The Horse Fair*, yet she is the exception, and the just estimation of her work suffers by the rule. Opinion, like zymotic disease, is infectious. The critics and artists of France, whilst they regarded her world-wide success with envy, saw in her abstention from exhibiting her pictures

at the Salon for so many years an expression of contempt. They felt she slighted her own country in order to gain the acclaim of foreigners; therefore wounded vanity, and perhaps envy of the unstinted gold that rolled to her coffers at By, barbed both pens and tongues. One of her contemporaries, only recently dead, said to the writer, "She painted pictures of animals but she was not an artist," and the impression has remained.

She is scarcely represented in public galleries, and the majority of her pictures being in private collections, it is therefore easy for the succeeding generation to accept the estimate, held by so many in her own lifetime, that she was a painter of two famous pictures who preferred to meet the demand for her work created by these pictures, rather than attempt to reach an even higher plane. Her seclusion, her indifference to public opinion, and, above all, her eccentricity of dress, all aided in this conception of her work. To set oneself apart in any walk of life gives rein to the tongues of one's fellows, and, failing facts, the human tongue takes refuge in imagination. Comparatively few of the pictures that left Rosa Bonheur's studio were placed before the critics; as a rule they went straight from the easel into



DEER IN REPOSE.

the possession of their waiting owners; herein lay her great offence. She showed herself independent of their *dicta*, and, notwithstanding, she had more commissions than she could possibly execute, and engravings of her pictures were eagerly bought by all classes.

In the latter years of her life, however, the respect that is always inspired by the spectacle of age pursuing the labours of its prime with unabated vigour and enthusiasm, silenced the bitterness of tongues and envy, and Rosa Bonheur came to be regarded as one of the most famous of their women by the French. There was perhaps a fundamental reason in this re-discovery, for in her early years her work had been considered the pendant in painting to George Sand's work with the pen. In England there is an hereditary love of the open air, of out-door life; it is found in all ranks. Pictures of animals, therefore, appeal more strongly to the English, perhaps, than any other nation, and since Rosa Bonheur's work touched this chord, her vogue in England was only second to that of Landseer. This love for the country had no existence in France in the middle part of the last century, and the painter's canvases, however much they may have been admired, did not make a direct appeal,

as in England, to a sentiment or instinct. Towards the close of the century, however, there was a marked difference in the French attitude, in the picture-loving world at any rate, and although there might be still those who dubbed her work old-fashioned, since they themselves preferred the methods of the Impressionist school, there was no doubt that the Salon of 1899 and the exhibition of the four pastels removed much of the prejudice that had existed in France against Rosa Bonheur's paintings. Her sudden death at the moment of this return of the regard of her countrymen touched a note of pathos that especially appealed to French sentiment; and if her labours had been belittled during one period of her life, they received a laudation verging on the extravagant when she died.

But however widely opinion may differ as to the exact place Rosa Bonheur should occupy amongst the worthies of the world's art, there can be no divergence as to the example she set succeeding generations of painters—both men and women. Her art was not one of the occupations of her life as it is with so many artists; it was her sole occupation all day and every day, throughout the many years of labour. As she herself said, a woman must be imbued with a

passion for her work in order to undergo the experiences of the slaughter-house and the purlieus of the horse fairs, and it was the highest passion that animated all Rosa Bonheur's researches, observation, and study. From the time when, as "The Little Hussar," she copied old masters in the Louvre, until the end when sickness alone stayed her hand, she never spent an idle day. When, as so frequently happens with all creative work, there came moments of difficulty, instead of resigning herself to useless waiting for inspiration, she turned to another picture. It is doubtful if she ever completed any painting without interludes of work upon others. At her death nearly nine hundred pictures in oils were found in her studio, many of them being studies of the same subject from different points of view. Thus there were over one hundred of horses; there were over one hundred and fifty water-colours, thirty pastels, six hundred drawings in pencil, and copies innumerable. In addition to these there were studies in oils, and quantities of books filled with water-colour, pencil, and charcoal sketches. If Rosa Bonheur was a mistress of her art she was certainly its slave.

There is something essentially noble in this

devotion. Here was a woman who, deliberately foregoing all that gentler part of existence which belongs by right to her sex, won her way by untiring industry to the highest place in her art, and who in pursuit of knowledge was placed at such disadvantage, that in order to protect herself from annoyance she was obliged to don the clothes of a man. Coming into the arena at the moment when the battle between the Classic and Romantic Schools was at its highest, it would have been easy for her, with her undoubted talent, to have achieved success with subjects more usually considered the province of a woman-painter. Her invariable correctness of drawing which she owed to her father's tuition and his maxims, quoted elsewhere in this little book, "One learns infinitely more by copying simply and unaffectedly a glass resting upon a table than . . . by imitating the most skilful tones of the most beautiful drawings," and her true instinct for colour must have gained her consideration in whatever *genre* she had elected to paint. But in place of taking this easy success she attempted pictures, so great in conception that few artists of her age and experience would have dared to enter on their execution. From her earliest days as painter she saw Nature on a

grand scale, herein showing her temperament, and the wideness of her outlook upon life. No woman painter before her day had ever presented pictures so virile, so vigorous, so free in drawing, and so bold in colouring ; she has had successors in Lady Butler and Miss Kemp-Welch, but Rosa Bonheur was the first woman whose name was ever bracketed with those of the great animal painters. She was undoubtedly the greatest woman painter France has produced, one, too, who was less trammelled by the conventions of sentiment prevalent in her youth and early womanhood than the majority of her male contemporaries. She did not always maintain the same high level in her work, and was undoubtedly at times somewhat inclined to rely too much upon the dexterity of her hand, but the pictures by which her fame was made will always bear witness to her powers, whilst those of less account show her versatility and her mastery of technique.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE criticism passed by M. Anatole de la Forge in 1855 upon the general tendency of Rosa Bonheur's work applies equally to-day, five years after her long labours ended. "The works of Rosa Bonheur," he wrote, "taken as a whole could be called 'The Hymn to Labour.' Here she shows us ploughing; there sowing; later the hay-harvest, then that of corn; elsewhere, the vintage; but everywhere, work. Man, before her inspiration, only seems to be a docile instrument, placed by the hand of God on the earth to draw from its entrails the eternal riches that it holds hidden. The peasant in the artist's pictures is the laborious servant spoken of by the Evangelist, the first at work, the last to seek repose. And in associating him with the work of animals she only presents him to us in his most useful and noble aspect; sometimes at the head of his oxen, bringing home the carts heavily laden with sheaves of harvest, sometimes at his plough, fur-

rowing the earth to make it more productive still." Another critic, M. A. Mazure, whose opinion has already been quoted, said, speaking of animal painters, "several could be praised for the art with which they place groups of animals in a landscape, but if one considers the painter of animals, apart from the question of landscape, if one asks for a monograph of labour, no one can be compared with the artist of whom we have just spoken" (Rosa Bonheur).

Amongst so many pictures it is difficult to choose those that can be considered best illustrative of her talent; but in the selection for this little book an effort has been made to show the varying sides of her talent, and her treatment of her subjects according to the nature and habit of the animals painted.

Ploughing in Nivernais (*Labourage Nivernais*, p. 22). This picture, the property of the French nation, placed Rosa Bonheur amidst the foremost animal painters of her day. It was exhibited at the Salon in 1849 when she was twenty-seven years old, and had already been awarded medals of the third class (1845) for the *Vache au Pâturage*, now in the museum at Orléans, and of the first class (1848). Success had rewarded all her exhibits at the Salon, from her

first appearance there in 1841, but now she touched something more than success; she achieved fame. Accustomed to the more sombre skies of Troyon and his presentments of labour in the fields as strength without joyousness, the bright sunniness of Rosa Bonheur's picture immediately charmed the Parisians: it was bought by the Government and now hangs in the Luxembourg. One's first impression when one sees it hanging in the room of modern painters, is of radiant sunlight. A deep blue sky toning down to gray throws the details of the picture into high relief. A team of six oxen, driven two abreast, are drawing a plough over rising ground in a field, followed by another team which has just reached the beginning of the slope. Beyond, the land swells to an undulating hill covered with trees and hedgerows; one man guides the plough, whilst another, a sturdy peasant, is using the goad upon the foremost couple of oxen. Much of the ground has been ploughed already, the long even furrows stretching into the distance, richly brown. It is a perfect scene of pastoral labour. The newly turned earth breaks away on either side of the ploughshare, whilst the man with voice and goad urges on the straining oxen, magnificent creatures, dun, cream, and brown

and white. Tender clouds float across the sky, and on the right the country spreads out indefinitely into the sunshine, suggesting a breezy spaciousness, a land of future harvest. The rich tones of the turned mould, the varying shades of the oxen, the radiant sky and green hill, and the far-stretching countryside, make a vivid scheme of colour, instinct with nature. (Some one has said of this picture that it glorifies the dignity of labour.) The first couple of majestic oxen, their mild eyes fixed steadily ahead, are straining every nerve, the muscles on their shoulders and flanks showing tense and knotted as they lead the way in pulling the plough through the heavy earth; the second couple are less eager in their work, and there is meek protest in the eye and drooping head of the cream-coloured ox as the driver punishes his too laggard gait with the goad; the rope that runs from yoke to yoke is taut and strained; in every part of the picture there are details which show the keen and absorbing observation of the painter.

This remarkable work for so young an artist was the direct outcome of her previous successes in the Salon, for it was on the proceeds of the sales of her exhibited pictures that she was enabled to spend her summers in the country, and

to study the stately cattle at their labours. A great French philosophical critic, M. A. Mazure, said that in this picture Nature was felt in her most imposing form. And there certainly is something of the grandiose in these huge oxen preparing the earth for man's sustenance, under the guidance and dominion of man, with sky and sun smiling radiantly upon them and the happy land they are setting ready for the sower.

This picture was lithographed by Anastasi for the artist in 1849.

The Horse Fair (*Marché aux Chevaux à Paris*). With the purchase of *Ploughing in the Nivernais* by the French government, and its hanging in the National Collection of the Luxembourg, Rosa Bonheur achieved fame in France, but with *The Horse Fair*, which appeared at the Salon in 1853, she made a world-wide reputation. It is one of the best known pictures of modern times, and has made her name a household word to thousands who have no knowledge that its author ever painted another picture. There is scarcely a town in England where one of the many reproductions that have been made since the picture was first exhibited in this country in 1855 is not to be found.

The story of the painting of the picture is



[National Gallery.]

THE HORSE FAIR.

well known; how day after day for months a shock-headed boy in a blouse was seen sketching amongst the horses being brought to the Paris horse fair to be sold, or chatting with the drivers about their charges, moving here, there, and everywhere amongst a set of the lowest men imaginable. The bravery of Rosa Bonheur in thus penetrating into a world which held many dangers for a woman, so ably disguised that her sex was never suspected, added to the interest excited by the picture, and the Salon was crowded day after day.

Like other *chefs-d'œuvre*, *The Horse Fair* had a somewhat adventurous history, and a variety of stories have grown up around it, more or less mythical. M. Gambard, the purchaser of the original picture, however, gave M. Roger-Milès the following account. When the Salon was closed, the picture not having found a purchaser, it was exhibited at Gand, and afterwards at Rosa Bonheur's native city of Bordeaux. She greatly desired that the municipality of Bordeaux should acquire the work, and offered it to them for the small sum of 12,000 francs (£480). But the offer was not accepted. M. Gambard then expressed his desire to become the owner of the picture, but the artist said that if it was to be

taken out of France she could not accept less than 40,000 francs (£1,600), a sum he immediately agreed to pay. The matter was settled, and then M. Gambard told her that whilst waiting for his exhibition in 1855, he should give the picture to Thomas Landseer, the celebrated engraver, in order that a plate might be made of it. She was delighted by this suggestion, but said, "I asked you 40,000 francs for my picture although I could not get 12,000 francs for it in France, and I am charmed that you should give me this price. But on the other hand I cannot abuse your liberality. . . . The canvas is big, and it will be found difficult, I believe, to place it in an engraver's studio . . . would it not be better if I made a small copy?" M. Gambard agreed to this suggestion, and Rosa Bonheur replied, "Very well, I will give you a reproduction *par dessus le marché*, and that will ease my conscience. I can say I have sold my picture for 40,000 francs, and I shall not have victimized you too much." She made a copy one quarter of the size of the original, which was immediately taken to Thomas Landseer. Whilst the engraver was at work upon the reproduction, this copy was seen by Mr. Jacob Bell, who, wishing to add it to his collection of pictures by Sir Edwin

Landseer, offered to buy it for £1,000 from M. Gambard, who accepted that amount.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had been present at the opening of M. Gambard's second exhibition on May 1st, 1855, but *The Horse Fair* did not arrive from Paris until the following month. Despite the royal patronage the exhibition had not been a success, but immediately Rosa Bonheur's picture was hung it excited universal admiration; laudatory articles filled the press, and the Queen having expressed a wish to see the work it was taken to Windsor for inspection. From that moment the little gallery was crowded daily, and when the exhibition ended Rosa Bonheur was the most famous woman of the moment in England. There were, however, no offers made for its purchase until the close of the exhibition, when an American offered 30,000 francs (£1,200), leaving M. Gambard the right to exhibit it in England and America for two or three years. The picture was exhibited throughout this country and the United States, but when it was handed over to the purchaser he contended that he was entitled to some of the proceeds of the exhibitions in America. The matter was finally settled by the payment of 23,000 francs (£920); thus, as M. Gambard points

out, he received more for the reduction than the original. In 1877 M. Gambard offered to re-buy the picture, but the affairs of the purchaser were in disorder, and *The Horse Fair* passed into the hands of a merchant, at whose death it was sold by public auction for 265,000 francs (£10,600) to Mr. J. Vanderbilt, by whom it was presented to the New York Museum.

The reduced reproduction, bought from Edwin Landseer's studio by Mr. Jacob Bell, was bequeathed with his other pictures to the National Gallery. When Rosa Bonheur heard that this picture had become the property of the English nation she remembered that her friend Mlle. Micas, in preparing the canvas for the copy for M. Gambard, had also put in many of the details, as the artist herself was sorely pressed to complete it in time for the engraver; and feeling she was not worthily represented in our national collection, she immediately set to work to make another copy. Her sister Juliette prepared the canvas, drawing in the main lines only. The artist had only the engraving and her many sketches for the original to guide her, but M. Gambard considered the result a better work than the one in the National Gallery. She offered this second replica in exchange for the one be-

queathed, but the authorities, as guardians of the legacy left by Bell to the country, could not accept it, to Rosa Bonheur's great distress. It was finally bought by an Englishman for 25,000 francs (£1,000). In the meantime M. Gambard had ordered W. Goodall to prepare a very small reduction of the picture in water-colours, which was finished by the artist herself and was bought by a manufacturer at Middlesbrough. The list of reproductions of her great picture upon which the artist herself worked, is not however concluded. In 1855 Caldesi had taken a large photograph of the picture especially for M. Gambard, and this had been sent to Rosa Bonheur to aid her in making a drawing for the use of the engraver. But it was only in 1890, thirty-five years afterwards, that M. Gambard received the drawing, the artist having left it unfinished for many years. Thus there are five versions of *The Horse Fair*. The original in New York; the first reduced copy, which served for the first engraving, at the National Gallery; the second reduction in a private collection in England; the small water-colour at Middlesbrough; and the drawing belonging to M. Gambard.

Rosa Bonheur was supposed to have received

fabulous sums for this picture. She undoubtedly gained a considerable income by the sale of the lithographs and engravings, but the difference between the original price paid to her by M. Gambard and the price paid by Mr. Vanderbilt, is eloquent of the distinction that few artists gain in their lifetime.

The vigour and movement of this picture are familiar to every one, horses of every kind being led and driven to the fair. In the foreground a magnificent pair of gray cart-horses, with arching necks and glistening coats, are trotting gallantly, their long tails neatly tied. Immediately behind, a colt frightened by the plunging of a white horse by his side is rearing wildly with foaming mouth, his ears laid back and his eyes showing his terror. A man on his back is beating him with a stick; a pony trots meekly on his other side without guide or rider. Under the trees on the right rows of horses are standing being appraised, whilst where the ring turns a horse is being trotted for inspection. Only the hind quarters and part of the back are visible, but this is one of the finest paintings of a horse in action that Rosa Bonheur ever did. The colouring of the animals is admirably chosen; each is the perfect expression of its type. The men, too, are splen-

didly painted—again expressions of a type: the attitude and the knotted muscles of the forearm of the man riding one of the grays are the epitome of physical strength.

The Horse Fair was engraved by W. Simmons and T. L. Atkinson; by C. G. Lewis; by Thomas Landseer, brother of the great Sir Edwin, the animal painter; a wood-engraving was made of it by Mlle. Hélène Boetzel; and an etching, for the artist, by Veyrassat in 1853.

Portrait of Rosa Bonheur (p. 32). This portrait of the artist shows her in the middle period of her life, after 1865, when the Cross of the Legion of Honour was bestowed upon her by the Empress Eugénie. The semi-masculine attire, the short hair, and the rugged strength of the face are in striking contrast with the portrait painted of her by Dubufe in 1849, which was engraved by Cousins and exhibited in London in 1852. In the earlier portrait she is standing with one arm thrown caressingly across the shoulders of a young bull, and dressed in a flowing black robe, with white at the wrists and a falling lace collar at the throat. The hair is short, but this is the only touch of masculinity in her appearance. The portrait is affected and theatrical; Rosa Bonheur is said to have herself painted the bull. There

was an excellent miniature done of the artist by Madame Herbelin in 1856, and shown at the Salon in 1857. The well-known portrait of Rosa Bonheur at work in her studio was painted by Mlle. Achille Fould. The two latest portraits were also painted by ladies, one by Madame Consuelo Fould, with her hand resting upon the head of a large dog sitting at her side. Here the hair is snow-white; the artist wears a loose coat and a man's high collar. The other, which was exhibited in the Salon in 1899, is by Mlle. Anna Klumpke. The artist is seated in a chair, holding an Aberdeen terrier upon her knee. It is a remarkable face, indicative of strong character and determination; in all her portraits, whether in those painted in her youth, middle age, or old age, the expression of the well-set eyes, the firmness of the mouth and chin are the same. Mlle. Klumpke has painted her in a long frogged coat, cut straight at the neck, where it fits closely upon a stiff white collar. This dress, the arrangement of the hair, and the strong cast of the features, give the portrait, at the first glance, the effect of being that of a venerable professor until the skirt is noticed. A photograph taken of Rosa Bonheur in 1889 bore a strong resemblance to the Abbé Liszt, but in Mlle. Klumpke's portrait the face

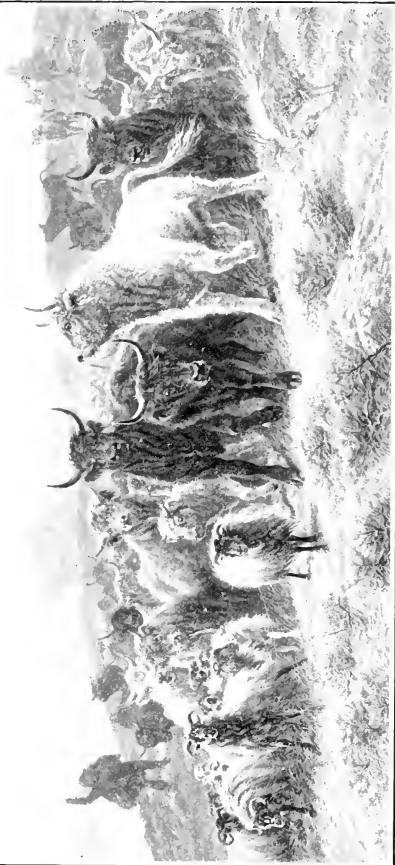
is thinner and less rugged. The strong, capable hands are well painted.

Ready (frontispiece). This admirable portrait of a rough-haired dog is an example of Rosa Bonheur's lesser work. It is highly finished, and almost photographic in its detail. The eyes show her power of grasping the intelligence of any animal she was painting; they are alive with expression, and stamp the dog's individuality. There is a full-length painting of the same dog amongst the many works left by Rosa Bonheur in her studio.

A Scottish Raid (p. 80). This picture is also known as *Razzia*, and was one of the many results of the painter's visit to the Highlands in 1854, when, as M. Gambard says, she made enough sketches to provide material for twenty years' work. As in *The Horse Fair*, the arrangement of the animals is at once masterly and most natural, and the picture was doubtless inspired by a scene witnessed by the artist at Falkirk. She chanced to be there for the annual cattle fair, and being greatly struck by the shapes of a superb young bull and five oxen, immediately desired to purchase them. The owner was only too pleased to sell the animals to so distinguished a buyer, but the drovers in their zeal struck out

right and left to separate these six from the rest of the herd, with the result that a panic ensued amongst the cattle and they ran wildly amongst a flock of sheep, several of which were crushed to death. This mixture of cattle and sheep driven to the market probably suggested *The Highland Raid*, as the swimming of the animals across a lake on their way to Falkirk suggested her picture of *Changing Pasture*. Once, as she was passing through the Vale of Glencoe during a storm, she noticed a shepherd sheltering himself in a hollow in the rocks with his flock gathered round him; thirty-four years afterwards this observation formed the subject for *After a Storm in the Highlands*, an engraving of which was made by J. B. Pratt. *A Scottish Raid* was at the Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1867, and was engraved by C. G. Lewis, also by Mottram and Leopold Lowenstein. A herd of Highland cattle and a flock of horned sheep are being driven through a mountainous country by the margin of a lake in the teeth of a gale of wind. They are coming up from a dip in the ground over coarse grass and heather, facing the spectator; a drover in the distance urges on two loiterers, whilst another is driving back some young bulls which seem inclined to stray back to

A SCOTTISH RAID.



the lake. The fleece of the sheep and the plaids of the drovers show the violence of the wind, which is blowing misty clouds over the distant hills and ruffling the smooth surface of the water. A tawny-coloured bull holds the foreground, the lightness of his coat being thrown into relief by the dark animals on either side of him. Behind these are the horns and backs of the cattle passing through the dip, whilst here and there the head and shoulders of some great creature detaches itself from the mass as it approaches the summit of the slope; the sheep are huddled together on the left of the picture. The tawny bull is supposed to be the one which Rosa Bonheur bought at the cattle fair at Falkirk. She made this scene one of her rare subjects in sculpture, together with that of *Deer in Repose*.

Deer in Repose (p. 60). This picture was also exhibited in the Universal Exhibition of 1867, when no less than ten canvases from the brush of the artist were shown. It belongs, therefore, to the period of her greatest activity—the two decades following the painting of *The Horse Fair*. A deer with short antlers stands guard over a doe suckling two young, under the shadow of an oak tree, a huge boulder of rock closing in the background. The sunlight pours over the stone

and flickers upon the deer's back through the leaves, leaving the doe and the young in the shadow. The attitude of the deer was a favourite one with Rosa Bonheur; it recurs again and again in her sketches and more finished studies—an attitude of suddenly arrested movement. He has been apparently browsing, and, hearing some sound in the distance, has thrown up his head, and gazes forward with inquiring eyes and dilated nostril; the doe lying at his feet is unmoved, but one of the hinds looks in the same direction as its sire, its ears pricked upwards. It is a pleasing picture, suggestive of warmth and quiet in the depths of a forest, the forest of Fontainebleau doubtless forming the setting. The engraving by C. W. Lewis had a considerable vogue.

The Wagon (p. 46). Here we have an example of Rosa Bonheur's strength which found its highest expression in *The Horse Fair*. Six horses, three and three abreast, are drawing a heavy tilted wagon across a lonely heath. Night is coming on, and daylight is dying angrily on the horizon; one feels conscious of a threatening storm. The inside horse of the three fastened to the cart has apparently been frightened, and is rearing and plunging; and whilst the teamster

is pulling vigorously at his head, the others stand patiently waiting. As in *The Horse Fair*, the different characteristics of the animals are unerringly indicated by their attitude, from the good-natured Dobbin which is turning its head inquiringly, to the young horse in the centre of the three leaders, which seems half inclined to follow the example of its restive companion in the rear. There is an atmosphere of power in this picture; the heavy wagon and the strength of the six horses become actual as one looks at them, whilst the lowering sky adds to the desolation of the wild common-land they are traversing. The original of this picture is in the Wallace Gallery at Hertford House.

Sheep (p. 16) is another of the gentler works of Rosa Bonheur, into which she has introduced a similar evening effect to that in *The Wagon*. Some sheep and rams are gathered together on the summit of a rounded hill, a higher range closing in the distance. Three are standing up, whilst the rest lie huddled together, the fading evening light falling in white patches on their backs. The arrangement of light in this picture is extremely skilful, clearly coming from beneath the edges of a dark cloud, a portion of which is seen scudding across the sky, and it is

used by the artist to show the texture of the fleece. Rosa Bonheur painted several pictures of sheep in varying surroundings, and this may be taken as a good example of her work with this particular subject. Like all her pictures it has a deeper suggestion than the mere representation of sheep upon a hillside, lifelike in their fidelity to Nature. The wild hills and sparse vegetation give an idea of the remoteness and loneliness of a mountainous country at the coming of night, with the threatenings of storm in the sky. This picture is also in the Wallace collection at Hertford House.

THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF ROSA BONHEUR

IT is more difficult to trace the pictures of Rosa Bonheur than those of any painter of equal position of her own time. Her abstention from public exhibition is the chief cause, allied to the buying of her work by private collectors throughout the world. There is scarcely a private gallery of modern paintings in Europe and America which does not possess some example of her talent. The following list of her works has been chosen to represent, as far as is possible, the best expressions of her versatility, and to show her mastery of the animal world.

EXHIBITED WORKS

Horses in a Field. *Salon of 1843.*

The Three Musketeers. *Salon of 1845.*

Sheep and Lamb lost in a Storm. *Salon of 1845.*

Ploughing. *Salon of 1845.*

Bull and Cows. *Salon of 1845.*

Bulls and Oxen: Race of Cantal. *Salon of 1848.*

Ploughing in Nivernais. *Salon of 1849*, now in the Luxembourg.

The Horse Fair. *Salon of 1853.* The original is in the New York Museum; a replica, quarter size, in the National Gallery; and a water-colour is in the possession of a private collector at Middlesbrough.

Hay-making in Auvergne. *Salon of 1855*, where it was awarded a medal of the first class.

Sheep by the Seashore. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

Araganese Muleteers. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

Stags crossing an open space. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

A Scottish Raid. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

Deer in Repose. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

Skye Ponies. *Paris Exhibition, 1867.*

The King of the Forest. *Chicago Exhibition of 1895.*

Four Pastels. *Georges Petit Galerie, 1896:*

Stag, morning effect.

Stag, moonlight effect.

Sheep, night effect.

Bisons in the Snow.

The Duel. *Galerie Tedesco, 1897.*

THE FOLLOWING WERE NOT EXHIBITED:

The Wounded Eagle.

Head of an Old Lion.

Wild Cat.

The Lions' Banquet. In the *Charitonenko Collection*.

A Shepherd of the Pyrenees. Formerly in the *Wallace Collection in Paris*, now at Chantilly.

Peasants of the Landes going to Market. 1856.

Drovers crossing the Pyrenees. 1857.

A Scotch Shepherd. 1859.

Whippers-in taking Dogs from the Hunt. 1859.

Changing Pasture. 1865.

Deer in Repose. 1867.

Shetland Ponies. 1868.

Brittany Sheep and Oxen. 1871.

The Long Rocks at Fontainebleau. 1873.

The Lion at Home. 1874.

Hay-making. 1876.

A Humble Servant, a donkey's head. 1879.

Ibex in the Mountains. 1882.

A Chamois. 1882.

A Halt in the Hunt. 1886.

The Flock. 1886.

After a Storm in Scotland. 1890.

Bébé, my favourite: portrait of a horse. 1897.

Wagon laden with Hay. 1897.

Cows and Bull of Auvergne (Race of Cantal).
1899.

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS BY ROSA BONHEUR

Three sheets of Lithograph Sketches:

On the first, seven sheep, signed "R. B.
1864. Proof for friends only."

On the second, seven heads of horses, sheep,
goats, and rams, signed "R. B. 1864, one
proof only."

On the third, fourteen heads of lambs and
a group of two heads, signed "R. B.
1864."

A Sheep-fold, signed "Rosa Bonheur lith."

Hounds. Done on the stone.

Heads of a Bull, Heifer, and Lioness. Done on
the stone and published in "L'Autographe."

Spanish Bulls. Signed "Lith. by Rosa Bonheur
on paper Aug. Bry."

An Ox harnessed to a Plough.

Some woodcuts for the "Fables" of Berlot-
Chapuit.

LIST OF SCULPTURES BY ROSA BONHEUR

A Shorn Sheep (terra-cotta).

Deer crossing an open space.

A Scottish Raid.
Deer in Repose.
An Ox lying down (two).
A Sheep.
A Bull (walking).
A Bull lowing.
Scotch Shepherd.
A Sheep (bronze).
Skye Ponies.
A Ram (lying down).
A Bull (bronze).
A Horse (la Vieille Rosse).

Of the last, an old white horse with flowing mane and tail, Rosa Bonheur also painted a picture.

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